

MARSHALL COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD FALL ALIKE UPON THE RICH AND THE POOR—JACKSON.

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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

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Marshall County Democrat

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Selected Poetry.

THIS ALL ONE TO ME

FROM THE GERMAN.

Oh, 'tis all one to me, all one,
Whether I've money, or whether I've none.
He who has money can buy a wife,
And he who has none can be free for life.
He who has money can trade if he choose,
And he who has none has nothing to lose.
He who has money can sleep the night thro',
And he who has none can sleep the night thro'.
He who has money can squint at the fair,
And he who has none escapes from much care.
He who has money can go to the play,
And he who has none at home can stay.
He who has money can travel about,
And he who has none can go without.
He who has money can be coarse as he will,
And he who has none can be coarser still.
He who has money can eat oysters meat,
And he who has none the shell can eat.
He who has money can drink foreign wine,
And he who has none with the gout will pine.
He who has money the cash must pay,
And he who has none, says, 'charge it, pray.'
He who has money keeps a dog if he please,
And he who has none is not troubled with fleas.
He who has money must die one day,
And he who has none must go the same way.
Oh, 'tis all one to me, all one,
Whether I've money, or whether I've none!

From Chamber's Journal.

MR. BROWN'S LAST ASCENT.

One fine summer morning, a few years since, there was a wonderful excitement in the Irish village of Bally dooly. All the idle men, women and children in the neighborhood, comprehending about nine-tenths of the population—were assembled on the large level common which served as a race-course and galling green; and all thronged towards some object in the center, which formed the nucleus of the crowd.

'Yea, then, what's the name of it all, at all?' demanded one ragged gossamer.

'Is it tied to the tail of it he's going to go up?' asked another.

'Ah, don't be foolish!' exclaimed an old man, the 'sense-carrier' of the district, 'don't you see the long ropes he's going to hold on by?'

'Well, well!' groaned an old woman, taking her *dulcen*, or short black pipe out of her mouth and sticking it, lighted as it was, within the folds of her cross-barred neckerchief; 'them English are mighty queer people. I'm sure when we heard that this Mr. Brown, with his sacks of gold was coming to Kitchener, after buying out the stock of the Deasys, we thought he'd have carriages and horses galore, and may be a fine yacht in the harbor; but it never entered the heads of any of us that nothing less would serve him than going cooing through the air like a wild goose at the tail of a ballone, or whatsoever they call it.'

For some time past the process of inflating the balloon had been going on; and now the great gayly painted orb towered tremulous above the heads of the gaping spectators, and pressing against the cords by which it was held down, it seemed only to await the arrival of the bold aeronaut to dart upward on its way.

'Here he is!' exclaimed the stragglers of the crowd; and presently a carriage drew up, and out stepped Mr. Brown, the English millionaire, who had lately become an Irish landed proprietor. Mr. Brown was a little dapper man, whom a very small amount of pugilistic force would have sufficed to lay level with the soil of his adoption. He was one of those unlucky individuals who meet an accident at every turn—who, in entering a room, invariably slip, tumble knock down some piece of furniture, or sit down beside their chair instead of upon it. He seldom escaped upsetting his inkstand; sending his meat and drink the wrong way; and then coughing and choking for half an hour; cutting his fingers, tearing his coat, or knocking his forehead against a door, so he rarely appeared in society without scars, plasters, or bandages. In practicing gymnastics he had knocked out three teeth; in yachting at Cowes he had been four times nearly drowned; in shooting in the moors, in Scotland, he had left the grouse alarmed, but had blown off two of his fingers. A taste for pyrotechny had singed handsomely his eye-brows, hair, and whiskers; and as to railway traveling, his hair breadth 'scapes and moving accidents amid collisions, upsets and explosions, would have served to fill two or three volumes of the English *Railway Library*, or the French *Bibliothèque des Chemins de Fer*.

At length having tried the three elements of earth, water and fire, it occurred to Mr. Brown that the remaining one of air, as medium of locomotion, might be more agreeable, and could not be more perilous, than the others. He accordingly the year before, when residing on his estate in Devonshire, had purchased an excellent balloon, and, strange to say, had made several ascents, and had come down again in perfect safety. On this occasion he meditated a flight over the green Isle, and intended to come down at Belfast; but the best informed members of the crowd asserted that he was going 'every step of the way to Ameriky.'

A London friend, who had come to Ireland on a fishing excursion, had promised to join Mr. Brown in his flight; but, as it would seem, his courage failed, and he came not. Nowise discouraged, however, Mr. Brown was just about to step into the aerial car, when a tall strongly built man suddenly stepped forward, and politely saluting the aeronaut, said: 'May I ask you a question Sir?'

'Certainly.'

'Is it true that you are going to Ameriky?'

No; merely to Belfast, wind and weather permitting.'

'Belfast,' repeated the stranger in a musing manner—the north of Ireland, Well, that is just the direction toward which I want to go, and I hate land traveling—Will you, Sir, accept me as a companion?'

Mr. Brown hesitated for a moment, but as he really wished for some one to accompany him he saw no serious objection to the plan, and accordingly signified his acquiescence, merely remarking to the stranger that his costume seemed to light for the regions of cold air which they would have to traverse.

'Bah!' was the reply. I have passed through more changes of climate than that, and I am happily very robust.'

'Well,' said Mr. Brown, looking at the massive frame of the unknown, 'my car is large enough. Come, in the name of Providence!' So they took their places, and the word was given; 'Let go!'

The fifteen men whose hands were severely pressed by the straining cords, desired nothing better, and in a moment the freed balloon began to sail majestically.—The crowd shouted and clapped their hands.

'Ah!' cried Mr. Brown, 'this is delightful. Don't you think so?' Not receiving any answer, he turned and looked at his traveling companion. There he was, lying almost flat on his face and hands, with his head over the side of the car, his eyes were fixed, his hair bristling.

'Are you afraid?' asked Mr. Brown.

No answer. The balloon ascended rapidly, and ere long arrived at the region of the clouds. Turning once more to his immovable companion. Mr. Brown shook him slightly by the arm, and said: 'Are you ill?' Still no reply but a fixed and stolid stare. They were now at a great elevation; clouds lay beneath finite space around them.

Suddenly the stranger stood upright, his face pallid as that of a corpse.

'Faster! faster!' he exclaimed in a tone of authority; and seizing in succession three of the bags of sand which served as ballast, he flung them out of the car, at the same time laughing in a strange, wild manner.

'Ha!' he cried, 'that's the way to travel!—We shall distance the swallow, we shall tower above the eagle. When I was in the Abruzzi with my rifle in my hand, watching for stray travelers, I never felt so excited as I do now. Then their lives were in danger, now it is my own.'

Very pleasant! thought the owner of the balloon, I have picked up some rascally Italian brigand.

'Better to fight with the elements than with custom-house officers?' continued his companion. The Balloon ascended at a terrific rate. In his turn Mr. Brown stood up, and laying his hand on the stranger's arm said:

'For Heaven's sake, don't stir! Our lives are at stake. I must allow some of the gas to escape, in order to repair your imprudence.'

'How do you do that?'

'I have only to draw this string, which is connected with the valve.'

'And if you had not that resource, what would be the consequence?'

'We should continue to ascend until everything would burst from excessive dilation.'

The man continued for a few moments in deep thought; then suddenly drawing out a knife, he cut the cord as high as he could reach.

'Faster! faster!' he reiterated. The stranger was a giant compared with Mr. Brown, who, perceiving that he could obtain nothing by force, began to try conciliation.

'Sir said in a soothing tone, 'you are a Christian I make no doubt. Well, our religion forbids homicide!'

'Faster!' shouted the giant, and seizing the remaining sacks of sand, he scattered their contents to the clouds. Mr. Brown fell on his knees.

'Ah!' he exclaimed, 'if you have no regard for your own life, at least have some pity on mine. I am young, rich, happy; I have a mother and sister; in their name I conjure you to stretch your hand up to the valve, and save us from a dreadful death by allowing some gas to escape.'

'Shaking his wild locks, the stranger drew off his coat, and exclaiming: 'We are not ascending!' flung it out.

'Your turn now!' he continued; and with-out the smallest ceremony he despoiled the unfortunate Brown of his paletot, and threw it over.

The balloon pursued its wild career without stop or stay.

'Ha! ha!' said the stranger, while we're thus climbing so pleasantly towards the sky, I'll tell you a story—shall I? His unhappy companion did not stir. Already from the extreme rarity of the air, the blood was gushing from his eyes and ears.

'Listen! Three years ago I lived in Madrid. I was a widower, with one little daughter, a gentle, bright-eyed angel; her long curling hair waving this moment before my eyes. One day I went out early, and did not return until late; my child, my beautiful Emma, was gone; banditti had come and stolen her away from me. But my friend have you a canon here?'

Mr. Brown made mechanically a sign in the negative. 'What a pity!—I would have searched for my child in every country of Europe, but in vain. Now I think she may be in the north of Ireland. Have you a lucifer-match here?'

Mr. Brown made no reply but shook his head. 'You have not? Ah! if I could get one, I would set the balloon on fire; and then, when reduced to ashes, it would be much lighter? When you first saw me this morning I was examining the stupid faces of your crowd, to see if the dark foreign one of my Emma's robber might be among them.'

It was evident to poor Mr. Brown that his travelling companion was a confirmed lunatic. A sudden idea struck him.

'What is your name?'

'Gerald Annesly.'

'The very same!'

'What mean you?'

'I know where the wretch lives who stole your child; we are now just above the spot. Draw the valve, Mr. Annesly, and in a short time you will embrace your Emma!'

'No, no, you are deceiving me. My Emma is not on earth; she is in Heaven. Last night she appeared to me in a dream, and told me so. That's the reason I want to ascend higher. Come, my friend help me; let us both blow as hard as we can on the balloon. As we are beneath, our breath must help it to rise. Blow! blow!'

Mr. Brown moved and tried to obey. 'It does not stir? Come, mount on my shoulders and push the balloon!'

And without consulting him any further the giant caught him up as if he had been a feather, and held him above his head saying:

'Now push the balloon!'

The unlucky victim tried to obey, but the blood blinded his eyes. There was a horrible buzzing in his ears, and lights flashed before him, for a moment he thought of throwing himself over in order to end his torments.

'Ha!' shouted the madman, 'it does not go.' At that moment the trembling hand of Mr. Brown touched accidentally the cord of the safety valve. He made it play, and the collapsing orb began to descend rapidly. Through the clouds it darted downward, and the earth reappeared.

'Ah!' cried Annesly, 'instead of pushing the balloon, as I told you, you drew it downward. Push I say!'

'You see I am pushing as hard as I can.' 'No; for here is the cord!'

'It is only that the clouds are rising toward the upper regions.'

'Well, let us do the same. Let us throw out all our ballast.'

'We have none more.'

Gerald Annesly laid Mr. Brown gently in the bottom of the car.

'We have no more, ballast you say?' he asked looking fixedly at him.

'No more.'

'How much do you weigh?' This question fell on poor Brown like a stunning blow. 'How much do you weigh?' repeated his companion in a louder tone.

'Ah, very little; nothing that could make the slightest difference—a mere trifle.'

'A mere trifle! Well, even that will make some difference.' Then immobility of the peril gave our aeronaut presence of mind.

'My friend,' said he, 'your child is not dead. I saw her last week near Belfast. She is living with a family who love her and treat her as their own. In a very short time, if you will allow us to descend, you will meet her.' The madman looked at him with a wild doubting gaze.

'Yes,' continued Brown eagerly, anxious to confirm the impression he had made 'you will see her, your darling Emma, running to meet you with outstretched arms, and her fair golden curls waving in the wind!'

'You lie! Emma's hair was as black as jet! Man! you never saw her! How much do you weigh?'

'Ah! a mere nothing; only a few pounds!'

Gerald Annesly seized Mr. Brown with both hands and held him suspended over the side of the car. In another moment he would have dropped him into the abyss of space.

'Annesly!' exclaimed the poor man, 'you want to mount higher!'

'Yes! yes!'

'Your only wish is to lighten the balloon!'

'Yes.'

'Then how much do you weigh yourself?'

'Two hundred pounds.'

'Well, if you were to throw yourself over, the balloon lightened of such a great weight, would dart upward with inconceivable rapidity.'

The madman reflected for a moment.

'True!' He laid Mr. Brown in the bottom of the car, and stared wildly around.

'My maker!' he cried, 'I go to meet Thee and my child; my Emma! And flinging himself over disappeared.'

The balloon and its owner reached the earth in safety; the latter however, lay for many weeks raving in brain fever. When he recovered he gave orders to have his perilous plaything sold at any sacrifice, and soon afterward provided himself with an excellent care taker, in the shape of a pretty young wife, under whose tutelage 'the master,' as his Irish valet remarks, 'is growing a dale more handy in himself.' So this was Mr. Brown's last ascent to the clouds.

The Valley of Mexico.

All travelers and historians speak of the remarkable purity of the atmosphere of the valley of Mexico, and the peculiar rich tints with which the light, passing through the thin medium, invests every object, presenting to the eye one of the most glowing and delicious views that ever met the admiring gaze of man. There probably is no city in the world which presents such natural charms around it as that of Mexico, and we can easily conceive of the delight which they impart when they first break upon the vision of the beholder. Invading armies have momentarily paused at the sight, impressed by the splendor of the view, and the hearts of the grim warriors have felt their stern purposes relaxing, as they gazed upon the enchanting scene, which even the decay of time and the desolation of war cannot deprive of its matchless beauties. Prescott pictures the proud conqueror, Cortez, standing on a commanding height, above the luxurious home of Montezuma, the scene of barbaric splendor, and looking with unspeakable delight upon the rich prospect spread before him in the valley below, where the remotest objects possessed a brilliancy of coloring and a sharpness of outline that seemed to annihilate distance. The scene, though sadly changed since then, and now exhibiting the marks of decay which time, neglect, and the hand of violence have impressed upon it, possesses much of the natural beauty that then distinguished it. The same hills, valleys, lakes, mountains, streams and towering cedars that greeted the intoxicated vision of the Spanish conqueror, and clothed the view with such charms, met the eyes of our own brave countrymen, as they approached the Aztec Capital. But the aspect of the city itself is entirely changed, and would not be recognized at this day as the proud place which once, by its magnificence, astonished a warrior accustomed to the splendors of one of the richest countries of the eastern continent. The Lake of Texcoco, which once entirely surrounded and traversed with its canals, the imperial city, has receded several miles. Then it was only approachable through narrow causeways, built of solid masonry; the houses themselves standing on piles in the water—now, the city stands upon the main land, high and dry. Then villages lined the shores of the lake, and floating gardens danced gently on the undulations of the waves. More than oriental splendor was everywhere visible, the ruins of which are still to be traced by the cautious traveler. The aspect of the city is now Spanish; a Christian cathedral rears its front where the horrid *teocalli* once raised its infernal altars, red with the blood of human victims, devoted alive to the sacrificial knife by the barbarous religion of the country, to propitiate the deities that were supposed to preside over the destinies of Mexico. These changes were effected by the people whose descendants seem devoted to the same fate that awaited the ancient Mexicans at the hands of the Spaniards.—Three hundred years of rule in American hands, would present probably as broad a contrast, but how different in its character from that the Spaniards created! The country would be improved in every respect, under the domination of the indefatigable Yankee, who never puts hand to anything susceptible of improvement, without altering its character for the better; its rich resources would be developed, and applied to the relief of human wants and the increase of human comforts. A population, increased manifold in numbers would be spread over the country, and a race of enlightened, independent people would add their strength to the perpetuation of free and republican principles in their purity and power.—*Pa. Ledger.*

The abuse of money is worse than the want of it.

Adam never knew what it was to be a boy!

PREMATURE MATRIMONY.

Marriage is a divine and beautiful arrangement. It was designed by Providence not solely as the means of keeping up population, or as a mere social and economical convenience, but as the blending of two spirits into one—the masculine representing 'wisdom,' the feminine 'affection.' When there is a true spiritual affinity between the two, then the design is accomplished.

Premature marriages are among the greatest evils of the times; and it would not be a bad idea in these days of reforms, if an anti-marrying-in-a-hurry society were instituted. Now a days people leap into the magic life circle with no more consideration than they would partake of a dinner—little thinking that when once in, they are there until their end comes. There is but little, sometimes no mutual analysis of disposition, and comparison of taste and affections. They seem to fancy that if there are any discrepancies, the fatal Gordian knot, which can be seldom cut and never untied, will harmonize all.

The numbers who have felt this truth—the numbers still feeling it to their heart's core—are incalculable. They recognize it as the great mistake of their lives. The chain is not to them a silken one, but a cable of iron, that tightens around them more and more, crushing all hope and energy, substituting hate for love, and eating out with its rust the very inner life of the soul.

Boys and girls now marry to a greater extent than ever before, instead of waiting till they become full grown and matured men and women. The young dandy as soon as he gets out of short jackets and finds a little *furze* gathered on his upper lip—and the young miss, as soon as she emerges from the nursery and abbreviated frocks—think they are qualified to assume the most solemn responsibilities of life. And so if 'Pa' and 'Ma' won't consent, they post off to some Greta Green, and there take obligations they will never cease bitterly to repent.

Marriage should never be the result of fancy. The ball-room and the evening party rarely develop real character. Under the exhilarating influence of the dance, the glare of lights and the merry squib and joke, the dissolute young man may appear amiable, and that slatternly scold, lovely. Matches made at such places, or under similar circumstances, are not of the class that originated in heaven. They more generally are conceived in the opposite place, and bring forth only iniquity. The true way to learn each other is to do it at home, in the parlor, in the kitchen, and occasions that test the temper. We see the result of these unions in the almost daily divorces that are taking place, in the running away of husbands, leaving their wives and children to starve, and the elopement of wives. Not only this, but we witness it in the broken-spirited men, made old in the prime of life, struggling on for mere food and clothing, and shelter, and in women—cross, dirty, sluttish and wrinkled.

It would be quite impossible for us to depict faithfully the multitude of physical and moral evils that result from these sinful alliances—for sinful they are. They ruin the body, corrupt the morals and stultify the mind. And the result does not stop with husband and wife. There are the children, they partake of the feebleness and vices of the parents, both physical and moral, and go out into the busy world stunted and guarded. God pity them.

We would not be understood as speaking against the institution of marriage. It is holy, beautiful, and beneficent. But let every one take his mate or none. Let not the brave eagle pair with the stupid owl, nor the gentle dove with the carrion crow. Like should have like. It is a glorious sight to see two old people who have weathered the storm and basked in the sunshine of life, go hand and hand lovingly and truthfully down the gentle declivity of time, with no angers, no jealousy, nor hatreds garnered up against each other, and looking with hopes and joy to the everlasting youth of heaven, where they two shall be one forever. That is true marriage—for it is the marriage of spirit with spirit. The love is woven into a woof of gold, that neither time nor eternity can sever.

The following Banks are reported to have failed: Monson, Massachusetts; Central, Rhode Island; Ellsworth, Maine; Orno, do; Monsum River, do; South Royalton, Vt.; People's Derby Line, do.

A large amount of eastern is coming west, and it is well enough to 'stand from under.' Gold and silver are safer.

A Good Thing—A Correspondent of the Washington Union, who subscribes himself 'An Old Whig'—it is odd that he should ever have got there